THE COBLER OF *PRESTON*, A FARCE.

As it is Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

Written by Mr. *Chriſtopher Bullock.*

The Fifth Edition.

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Juſt Publiſhed, in Twelves, (beautifully printed on good Paper and a new Elziver Letter) the Second Edition of,

The Fall of *SAGUNTUM.*

A TRAGEDY. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.* Written by *PHIL. FROWDE*, Eſq;

Price One Shilling.

THE PREFACE.

BY Writing this Farce, *has, I am inform'd, very much diſoblig'd the* Managers *of the other Theatre, and provok'd an* Ingenious Author *to make the Town merry with a witty* Advertiſement *in their Bills, viz.* That a new Farce, call'd, *The Cobler of* Preſton, was then in Rehearſal at that Theatre, and wou'd be play'd in few Days; ſo that no other Company could have any part of the ſaid *Farce* but the Name.—— *The Conceit is admirable, I vow, and finely penn'd, in imitation of the Stile of our Modern Quacks*——Beware of Counterfeits.

But if the Author of the Cobler of Preſton *meant by this to let the Town know, I had not taken any of his Wit or Language into mine, ra-*

ther than any Perſon ſhou'd have entertain'd the leaſt ſuſpicion of that, had he come to me, I would readily have ſet my Name to his Advertiſement. But let the Town be Judges, *whether I have nothing of the* Farce *but the* Name. *I believe it will appear I have the Story as it was wrote by* Shakeſpear *in the* Taming of the Shrew; *and part of his Language I have made uſe of, with a little Alteration (which, for the ſatisfaction of my Readers, I have diſtinguiſh'd by this Mark " before each Line) and I hope I may be allow'd (without Offence) to take* Shakeſpear's Tinker *of* Burton-Heath, *and make him the* Cobler *of* Preſton, *as well as another: for no ſingle Perſon has yet pretended to have a* Patent *for plundering Old Plays, how often ſoever he may have put it in practice.*

O! but it ſeems there was a Grand Deſign *in it; which, I warrant, the* Town *will be ſo ill-natur'd to conclude was Self-Intereſt; tho' others have not ſcrupled to ſay (from the ſcope of ſome Reflections, pretty plentifully ſprinkled thro' the Farce) that it was penn'd for the particular Service of a* Party: *but theſe Gentlemen, I am afraid, did not think they were at the ſame time ſatirizing the ſaid Party, when they gave out that*

a Farce was to defend their Proceedings. But if the Author only meant to cut bold Strokes, I cannot help judging upon the whole, that Writer's *Wit muſt be ſure at a low Ebb, which can only be ſupported by one* Party *for railing at another: and how beneath the Dignity of a* Theatre *ſuch ſort of Writing is, I leave to the Determination of the* Unbyas'd.

I hope I ſhall not be ſeverely accus'd for following the Example of my Cotemporaries, *in diverting the* Town *with other Peoples Writings, and endeavouring to acquire the Name of a* Poet *by tranſcribing from other Mens* Plays, *as a certain* Author *has done before me; to whom I cannot forbear giving my Friendly Advice, for the future to take Pains——labour hard——hard——ſweat at it———and as Mr.* Bayes *ſays; eat* ſtew'd Prunes: *I wou'd have him ſet Invention to work, and let his next* Deſign *be intirely* new, *or perhaps my* Deſign *may jump with his, and give it the* SLIP.

If I have diſobliged (as I am inform'd I have) the Managers *of the other* Theatre, *particularly Mr.* Wilks, *I am very ſorry for it; ſince I do not know any* Actor *in either Houſe, that I have a greater Reſpect for; and I ſhall never be aſham'd*

to confeſs the Obligations *I have to him, for his good Inſtructions to me in my* Buſineſs *(which he was at all times ready to give me) and to which I ſhall always think my Succeſs in it is chiefly owing. But as I am engag'd in* this Theatre, *(and have received great Kindneſſes from Mr.* Rich *the Maſter of it) I am ſurpriz'd that my Endeavours to ſupport its* Intereſt *ſhou'd be urg'd againſt me for a* Crime; *ſince what I have done, was ever practis'd when there were* Two Companies, *tho' never till now thought Injuſtice; it being only look'd on, as intercepting of* Ammunition *going to the* Enemy, *and afterwards employing it* againſt them. *'Tis true, I did hear, there was a* Farce *in Rehearſal at* Drury-Lane Theatre, *call'd,* The Cobler of *Preſton, and that it was taken from the foremention'd Play of* Shakeſpear's: *I thought it might be of as good Service to our* Stage *as the* other; *ſo I ſet to work on* Friday *Morning the* 20th *of* January, *finiſh'd it on the* Saturday *following, and it was acted the* Tueſday *after: which Expedition, I hope, will be an Excuſe for the many Faults that are in it.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Bullock*, Jun.

THO' this our Farce bears ſuch a Name to-night,
Some Heads, brim-full of Politicks, t'invite;
You'll find (at laſt) we took ſome prudent Care,
Not to run head-long on a Party-Snare.
No—tho' our Scene's at Preſton, *we've no Plot,*
But what Old Shakeſpear *made—to ridicule a Sot.*
Indeed I can't deny———
But the Under-plot was laid with a Deſign
To pleaſe ſome Friends—and draw the Vulgar in.
If we ſucceed in this contracted Play,
We care not what the other Houſe ſhall ſay:——
If you conſent, tho' they his Right diſown,
We'll vouch the Cobler came from Preſton *Town.*

Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir *Jaſper Manley*, a Country Gentleman,	Mr. *Ogden.*
Clerimont, another Country Gentleman,	Mr. *Coker.*
Toby Guzzle, a drunken Cobler,	Mr. *Spiller.*
Snuffle, a Puritan,	Mr. *Bullock*, Jun.
Griſt, a Miller,	Mr. *Bullock*, Sen.
Huntſman, Butler, Cook, Servant,	Servants to Sir *Jaſper.*
Maid,	Mrs. *Garnet.*
Dame *Hacket*, an Ale-Wife,	Mr. *Hall.*
Dorcas Guzzle, the Cobler's Wife,	Mr. *Griffin.*

Conſtable, and Attendants.

SCENE *Preſton.*

THE COBLER OF *PRESTON.*

SCENE, *A Field.*

Enter Guzzle, *drunk.*

EGAD, Mother *Hacket*'s Ale is notable Stuff, poz-rozze-tively! I am quite ſtitch'd up: I have got my Skin full of good Liquor, Faith, if I can carry it home without ſpilling, and not like a ſtubborn Pair of Boots go awry.——By the Maſs, I think it is high time to be at home too, for the Sun has been up this half hour.——Egad I wonder my *Dorcas* has not been to lug me home by the ears afore now——Speak of the Devil, and preſently comes my Wife. [*Enter* Dorcas Guzzle.

Dor. So you drunken Beaſt, are you reeling home but now?

Guz. You ſee, my Dove, I keep early Hours——But thou art a very good Wife——Go thy ways home, and put the Meat in the Pot, and I'll take a Nap till Dinner-time.

Dor.

Dor. The Meat in the Pot! put your own Calves-Head in the Pot, you Beaſt: Who-have you been with all Night?

Guz. Rare Company, Girl, The Miller, the Exciſe-man, the Curate, and I, have been at Whisk all night, at Dame *Hacket*'s—Special Ale, ſpecial Ale, *Dorcas*——And after we had done Cards, the *Glover* came in, and he and I went at it, *Hand* to *Foot*.

Dor. I may well be poor, an you keep ſuch Company; but I'll make you change your Courſe of Life: I did not marry you for this, you idle Rogue; 'tis well known I had twenty good Pounds to my Portion, Sirrah, Sirrah.

Guz. Dear *Dorcas*, thou art a Wench of ſuch a *Leathern* Diſpoſition, that all good Counſel goes againſt the *Grain* with thee; prithee let me ſtamp a good Conſideration or two on thee—Know then a Sole is made harder by thumping, and that I have been ſo us'd to the Clamour of thy Tongue, that now, like a Smith's Dog, I can ſleep under an Anvil.

Dor. Ah you wicked Rogue, don't you think to go to the Devil with the Trade you drive? All *Preſton* rings of your Wickedneſs: Do you ever go to Church, you Heathen?

Guz. No, but I ſit up three Nights a Week with the Curate, and that's as bad—But prithee Honey, go home; I'll but ſtep back to Dame *Hacket*'s to fetch my Tobacco-Box, and follow thee ſtraight. All ſhall be well, and I will put my Life in *Repair*.

Sings. *I tell you that*
We know not at
What moment Life is dated,
That all muſt mend
Before their End,
For they muſt be tranſlated.

Good *Dorcas* go thy ways, I will *mend*, for I find it

boots

boots not to dally, Time is on the *Spur*, Opportunity will not long *laſt*, the *Thred* of Life does *wax* ſhorter, Death will give every Man a ſore *Punch*, and then his Work is at an *End*. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Hacket *and* Guzzle.

Hack. Sirrah, I ſay pay your Reckoning, I'll be no longer fobb'd off with a Tale of to-morrow--pay me to day, you had beſt. Let me ſee, firſt for Ale one Shilling and five Pence, for Brandy one Shilling and eight Pence; for Red Herrings, Bread, Cheeſe, and Tobacco, one Shilling and eight Pence more: then here's the Mugs and Glaſſes you broke in your drunken Fits, and a Score of the laſt Week's, Sirrah, of two Shillings and a Penny; pay it me, you had beſt now. Here have I ſate all Night long, breaking my Reſt, and waſting my Firing: How ſhall my Landlord or Malſter come paid at this rate?

Guz. "I—hic—I ſay be quiet, or I'll pheize you, "you Jade.

Hack. "You! Marry an you pay me not, a Pair "of Stocks ſhall be for you, you Rogue.

Guz. You are a Baggage, and you lye, I am no Rogue, but honeſt *Toby Guzzle*, the one-ey'd Cobler of *Preſton*, in *Comitate Lancaſhire*, and can pay your *Score off*, with a *wet Finger*. Our ſucceeding Anceſtors, before us, were Gentlemen; we are aſcended of the antient *Dutch* Family of the *Mynheer Van Belch and Guzzles*. It was my Aunt's Uncle's Father's Great-Grandfather, that got Pot-valiant with *Darby* Ale, and ſlew the Dragon of *Wantley*.

Hack. Come, come, you Sot, will you pay me the Reckoning?

Guz. "No--not a Souſe, to-day" hic—not a Grig--Zoons, hold your Clack; an honeſt Fellow can't drink a Cup of Ale and be merry, but you muſt ſpoil his ſport

ſport with your damn'd ill-contriv'd Jade's Tricks--Go get another Flaggon of Ale, and learn how to be civil to your Betters---you ſhall be paid upon the Word of a Gentleman.

Hack. You a Gentleman, you Scoundrel! but I'll make you pay me, " I'll fetch the Headborough " to you. [*Exit.*

Guz. You may fetch the *Wheelbarrow* if you pleaſe, but I had much rarher you'd fetch ſome more Ale.

Sings. *Whenas King* Henry *rul'd the Land,*
The ſecond of that Name,
Beſides the Queen he dearly lov'd
A fair and comely Dame.——
Give me ſome more Ale, and Pipes and Tobacco. [*Sits down.*

Sings. *My Lodging it is on the cold Ground,*
And very hard is my Fare;
The Unkindneſs of—Hic—my Dear—
Where's this Ale?—— [*Falls aſleep.*

Enter Sir Jaſper, Clerimont, *Huntſmen and Servants.*

Sir *Jaſp.* " This Morning has produc'd us glori- " ous Sport, ſure fleeter Dogs ne'er ran: Sirrah " take care they are well fed to-day, to-morrow I " intend to hunt again.

Huntſ. They ſhan't want my Care, Sir?

Sir *Jaſp.* " Who's this lies here?

Cler. One either drunk or dead.

Huntſ. " He breathes, I'm ſure.

Sir *Jaſp.* " Were he not warm'd with Ale, this " were a cold Bed to ſleep ſo ſound on. What ſay " you, *Clerimont*, ſhall I ſend him home, have him " waſh'd clean, and ſtript of theſe filthy Rags, and " when he wakes fix ſome ſham Title of a Lord up- " on him, my Servants to attend and ſerve him, a " rich

" rich Sute to have him dreſs'd in, a Banquet rea-
" dy, Muſick and Wine to entertain him? He'd
" make Sport that wou'd be worth the trouble.

Cler. I can't ſuppoſe he would believe his Senſes.

Sir *Jaſp.* " Convey him gently to my Chamber,
" take care you wake him not.

Huntſ. " Yes, Sir, we'll play our parts with ſuch
" diligence, he ſhan't ſuppoſe himſelf leſs than
" we'll call him.

Sir *Jaſp.* " Away with him then; I'll overtake
" you. Let one of the Maids be dreſs'd like his
" Lady to entertain his Lordſhip——Go, I'll be
" with you, and give you farther Inſtructions.

[*Exeunt. They carrry him off.*

Enter Dorcas Guzzle *and Dame* Hacket.

Dor. In plain terms you know where my Huſband is; you have conceal'd him; he has been all Night along with you, to what end I know not, but I am afraid none of the beſt: he comes not ſo often to your Houſe for nothing; this is now the fifth time within this Fortnight he has been ſhrouding his Roguery under your wing the whole Night together, leaving his lawful Occaſions undone, and neglected the Wife of his Boſom without the Comforts of Wedlock: In ſhort, Dame *Hacket*, I'll bear it no longer.

Hack. Marry come up, I all Night with your Husband! I all Night with him! I have brought my Hogs to a fine Market indeed, to take up with ſuch a Fellow as he is. No, I'd have you to know I ſcorn your words: I am a Woman of Reputation in my Calling, I lie upon a good Feather-Bed, have Ale in my Cellar, and Money in my Purſe, and want nothing ſuch a Raſcal can help me to.

Dor. Don't call him Names, don't I ſay; I'd have you to know he's no Raſcal: you know that as well

as I; and that's the reaſon you hide him from me.

Hack. I hide him! hang him: Here he has run up a Score of above ſeven Shillings, and pays me nothing; he eats up my Meat, drinks up my Drink, and the devil a farthing comes: I'd have you to know I want no ſuch Cuſtomers, and if he comes to my Houſe again, I'll comb his Head with a three-footed Stool.

Dor. You comb his Head!—you claw his Elbow. Tho' I am his Wife, and may correct him by Authority my ſelf, yet no body elſe ſhall: the Man is a pains-taking Man in his Calling; and if it were not for ſuch Jades as you, wou'd be a Husband good enough.

Hack. An you defame me, I'll take the Law of you; I'll to Sir *Jaſper*'s, and have his Warrant for you, Huſſy.

Dor. Do if you dare; I'll trounce you for keeping my Husband from me, you may have murder'd him for ought I know, you Whore.

Hack. Bear witneſs; an it coſt me forty Shillings I'll deal with you: A Whore! Huſſy, I am as honeſt a Woman as any's in *Preſton*, and a ſtirring Woman too, that will leave no Stone unturn'd to get a Penny———But remember what you call'd me; I'll have a Warrant for you, Huſſy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Chamber.*

Guzzle *upon a Couch, in a Silk Night-Gown, Servants attending him.*

Guz. "Some ſmall Ale, Mother *Hacket*, ſome "ſmall Ale, I ſay.

Butler. "Will your Lordſhip be pleas'd to drink "a Glaſs of Sack?

Cook. "Will your Honour be pleas'd to taſte of "theſe Conſerves?

Serv. 3.

Serv. 3. " Will your Honour be pleas'd to dreſs?
" What Sute will you have brought you?

Guz. " Sute!" at whoſe Suit?

Serv. " Yes, my Lord; the Velvet or the Cloth
" Sute you wore yeſterday?

Guz. " Why prithee, I am honeſt *Toby Guzzle*;
" call not me Honour, nor Lordſhip, I ne'er drank
" Sack, nor wore Velvet in my Life; and if you
" give me any Conſerves, give me Conſerves of Beef
" or Pork: and for Choice of Clothes, I have none;
" I have no more Doublets than Backs, no more
" Stockings than Legs, nor more Shoes than Feet;
" nay ſometimes I have more Feet than Shoes; or ſuch
" Shoes, as my Toes look through the upper Leathers.

Enter Sir Jaſper *and* Clerimont.

Sir *Jaſp.* " Health to your Lordſhip.

Guz. Pox take you all, for a parcel of mad Fools. Lordſhip! yes, I am a Lord indeed! but ſuch a Lord as the Devil never ſaw. What a plague is the matter with you all? and what do you mean? and where am I?

Sir *Jaſp.* " Heaven ceaſe this idle Humour in
" your Honour! Oh, that a Man of ſuch Deſcent,
" of ſuch Poſſeſſions, and of ſo much Honour,
" ſhould be ſo Lunatick, ſo loſt in Madneſs!

Guz. " Why, you go the way to make me mad
" among you: What a plague wou'd you perſuade
" me to? Am not I *Toby Guzzle*, old *Guzzle*'s Son
" of *Burton-Heath*, by Birth a Pedlar, by Education
" a Cow-keeper, by Tranſmutation a Carter, and
" now by preſent Profeſſion a Cobler? Why, ask
" *Cicely Hacket*, the fat Ale-Wife of *Preſton*, if ſhe
" know me not, and ſays I am not fourteen Pence
" on the ſcore with her for ſheer Ale," I'll be hang'd with all my *Soul* in my own *Stirrup* at *laſt*: *Foot*! here's a do!

Cler. "This 'tis which makes your Lady weep "and mourn, your Friends forſake you, and the bu- "ſy World a Stranger to your Worth.

Butl. "This 'tis that makes your faithful Ser- "vants droop.

Guz. A plague confound you, tell me where I am, how I came hither, who has put this gay Kickſhaw on my back, and what you deſign to do with me.

Sir *Jaſp.* "Let me intreat your Lordſhip be com- "pos'd; your Kindred ſhun your Houſe, as beaten "hence by your ſtrange Lunacy. Good noble Lord "bethink you of your Birth, call home your antient "Thoughts from Baniſhment, and baniſh hence thoſe "lowly abject Dreams; look on theſe Perſons that "attend to ſerve you, each in his Office, ready at your "Call: we pray you eat and drink, and call for Mu- "ſick; we'll have a thouſand Entertainments for you, "to divert and ſoften the Effects of this ſad Malady.

Guz. Well, if I muſt eat and drink, I muſt: nay, to ſay truth, I'm never very averſe to that--Come, the Sack you talk'd of---Call you theſe Conſerves, ha?--Nay, they may be ſo for ought I know, I have no great Judgment. [*Eats and drinks.*

Sir *Jaſp.* "Say, will you take the Air? your "gilded Chariot ſhall be ready for you. Do you "love Hawking? you have Hawks will ſoar above "the Morning Lark. Or will you hunt? your Hounds "ſhall make the Welkin anſwer 'em, and fetch "ſhrill Echoes from the hollow Earth.

Guz. A little more Sack. [*Not minding them.*

Cler. "Do you love Pictures? We will ſhow you "*Adonis* painted by a murmuring Brook, and *Ci-* "*tharea* all in Sedges hid; which ſeem to move "and wanton with her Breath, even as real Ruſhes "play with the Wind.

Guz. Another Soop of Sack: faith, 'tis excellent Liquor.

Sir

Sir *Jaſp.* " We'll ſhew you *Io*, as ſhe was a " Maid, and how ſhe was ſurpriz'd, as lively pain- " ted as the Deed were done.

Guz. No, prithee, let your *Io's* and your *Donies* alone, and fetch me a little of this What-d'ye call-it to eat, 'tis pretty ſort of Stuff enough; I like it———and Sack, more Sack.

Sir *Jaſp.* " Or *Daphne* roaming through a thorny " Wood, ſcratching her ſnow-white Legs, that one " ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds; and at the ſight ſhall ſee " *Apollo* weep, ſo workmanly the Blood and Leaves " are drawn.

Guz. I'll have no *Daphne's* nor *Apollo's*, not I.

Cler. Will you be pleas'd to dreſs?

Guz. Dreſs! Why, ay, there's no great harm in that; come, let's ſee—Od, theſe are delicate fine things indeed; I ſhall be a Lord in good earneſt.

Cler. " You are a Lord, and have a Lady far more " beautiful than any Woman in this waining Age,

Guz. Have I? Good-lack!

Sir *Jaſp.* " And till the Tears, which ſhe has " ſhed for you, o'er-ran her lovely Face, ſhe was " the faireſt Creature in the World; yet now ſhe " is inferiour to few.

Guz. Good-lack, I had quite forgot her! All this may be true; for I find this eating and drinking, and theſe fine Clothes, do clear up a Man's Underſtanding; I was born to be a Lord, I find; and the Cobler of *Preſton*, with the Story of *Dorcas Guzzle*, whom I ſuppos'd to be my Wife, is all a Dream, nothing but a Dream: I am a Lord, tho' the Lord knows how it comes about; but 'tis no great matter. Prithee, honeſt *Diligence*, bring our Lady to our ſight, and once again ſome Sack.

Sir *Jaſp.* " O how we joy to ſee your Wits re- " ſtor'd! Theſe fifteen Years you have been in a " ſort of Dream.

Guz. " Ha! Fifteen Years!--By my Faith a very " goodly Nap! But did I never ſpeak in all that time?

Sir *Jaſp.* " Yes, my Lord, but very idle Words; " for tho' you lay here in this rich Chamber, yet " wou'd you ſay you were beaten out of Doors, and " rail'd againſt the Hoſteſs of the Houſe, ſaying, you " wou'd preſent her at the *Leet*, becauſe ſhe bought " Stone-Juggs that wanted Meaſure; ſometimes " you wou'd call out of *Judah Hacket*.

Guz. " Ay, the Woman's Daughter of the Houſe.

Cler. " Why, Sir, we know no ſuch Houſe, nor no " ſuch Maid, nor yet ſuch Men as you have mention'd.

Guz. No!

Cler. No, my good Lord.

Guz. What a damnable Dream have I been in for theſe fifteen Years?

Cler. But now you are awake.

Guz. I am ſo, Heaven be thanked.

Enter a Servant dreſs'd as a Lady.

Lady. " How fares my Noble Lord?

Guz. " Marry, I fare well enough now I'm a- " wake; prithee, *Diligence*, ſome more Sack—— " But where's my Wife, *Diligence*?

Lady. " Here, my Lord; what is your Pleaſure " with me?

Guz. " Are you my Wife, and won't call me " Husband? My Men ſhould call me Lord, not " you: I am your Good-Man," or your Spouſe, or your Hubba, or ſomething like that.

Lady. " You are both my Lord and Husband, " and I your Lady and obedient Wife.

Guz. This is a damnable Dream I have been in! *Diligence*, " what muſt I call her?

Sir *Jaſp.* " Madam.

Guz. " *Alice* Madam, or *Joan* Madam, or how?

Sir *Jaſp.* Madam, and nothing elſe.

Guz.

Guz. Madam Wife, ſit by us; they tell me I have ſlept and dream'd theſe fifteen Years and more.

Lady. "Yes, and it ſeems thirty unto me, my Lord, "being all this time abandon'd from your Bed.

Guz. 'Twas pity——Heark ye *Diligence*, get you all gone, and leave Madam Wife and I by ourſelves——You know what I'd have, Sirrah.

Lady. What does your Lordſhip mean?

Guz. I wou'd have you undreſs, that we may go to Bed together.

Lady. "O by no means! I muſt intreat you to "excuſe me yet for a Night or two; or if not ſo, "until the Sun be ſet: for your Phyſicians have "expreſly charg'd, on peril to incur your former "Malady, that I ſhould yet abſent me from your "Bed. I hope this Reaſon ſtands for my Excuſe.

Guz. Ay, it does ſo; I muſt ſtay your Pleaſure, for I ſhould be horribly loth to fall into my Dream again--*Diligence*, ſome more Sack---Fine Liquor, Faith!

Sir *Jaſp.* You ſhall, my Lord.

Enter Clerimont.

Cler. Some of your Honour's Neighbours, hearing of your Recovery, are come with Muſick, Songs, and Dances, to entertain you.

Guz. With all my heart, let 'em come in; I love a *Chriſtmas* Gambol, or a tumbling Trick.

Here a Song and a Dance.

Guz. Very well, Faith——Some more Sack.

Enter Servant.

Serv. An't pleaſe your Honour, there are two Women without, one of them had your Warrant for the other, to anſwer her Complaint.

Guz. Diligence!

Sir *Jaſp.* My Lord!

Guz.

Guz. Am I a Juſtice o'the Peace?
Sir *Jaſp.* Yes, your Lordſhip is, you know it.
Guz. Who is our Clerk?
Sir *Jaſp.* I am, my Lord.
Guz. Let them come in.

Enter Guzzle's *Wife and Dame* Hacket.

Zoons! I'm in a Dream again! There's *Ciccy Hacket*, and the Jade my Wife.

Hack. So pleaſe your Worſhip— [*To Sir* Jaſp.

Sir *Jaſp.* You are miſtaken, Woman, that's my Lord; I have no Buſineſs when his Lordſhip's well——there ſits the Juſtice.

Guz. Ay, we ſit here; what wou'd you have with us?

Hack. This naughty Woman, an pleaſe your Worſhip———

Guz. Hold, hold--Shou'd ſhe not call me Honour?
Sir *Jaſp.* Yes, my Lord.

Guz. Look ye there, Woman, you ſhou'd know your Diſtance, and in what manner to approach our Perſon: call us Your Honour, Woman.

Hack. An pleaſe your Honour, this falſe Woman has moſt wickedly abus'd me, defam'd to the World, to ruin me, and ſpoil my Reputation; ſhe has call'd me Whore, an pleaſe you.

Guz. By my Honour, a material Point! Here's *Scandilum Magnation* in the Caſe, this muſt not go unpuniſh'd--But hold a little--Are you both awake now, or in a Dream?---Give me ſome Sack, delicious Sack.

Hack. No, no, my Lord, I don't dream.

Guz. Well, what ſay you, Woman?———*Diligence*, we muſt do Juſtice, and hear both ſides; 'tis an old Maxim in theſe Affairs, That one's Story is good, till another's be told.

Sir *Jaſp.* Yes, my Lord.

Guz. Proceed, Woman. *D. Guz.*

D. Guz. I am, ſo pleaſe you, a poor Cobler's Wife of *Preſton*; my Husband this wicked Woman has taken from me; he was once an honeſt Man, and liv'd in Peace and Love with me for fifteen Years; but falling into the Company of that lewd Woman, ſhe has ſeduc'd him, and drawn him into her Snare, from his Home, and from me his Wife.

Guz. What was your Husband's Name?

D. Guz. Toby Guzzle, ſo pleaſe you.

Guz. Pſha! Pſha! you know not what you ſay, Woman; 'tis all a Dream, I tell you.

D. Guz. Indeed, my Lord, 'tis true.

Guz. How! Sure I know better than you, you Baggage: wou'd you give the Lye to *Authority*? throw the Lye in the very Face of *Authority*?--I tell you I am *Authority*, and were I to ſay the *Moon* is made of a *Muſtard-Pot*, you muſt believe it---Give me ſome Sack--I ſay 'tis all a Dream, you have no Husband, nor is there any ſuch a Man as *Toby Guzzle*.

D. Guz. I know not what your Honour means, but I'm ſure———

Guz. You lye, you are not ſure; for I ſay, Woman, 'tis impoſſible to be ſure of any thing but Death and Taxes---therefore hold your Tongue, or you ſhall both be ſoundly whipt—Sure I know my Office—Give me ſome Sack—Lord, how I ſweat! Why I was in a Dream for fifteen Years myſelf, and dreamt I marry'd you—*Dorcas* is your Name?

D. Guz. Toby! Odds-daggers! Mr. Juſtice's Honour, my Husband! A Lord, with a pox to you! I'il claw you, you Dog!

Guz. Lay hold on her———

Hack. Ah, you Carrion Cur, do we come to you for Juſtice?

Guz. She's in a Dream too, lay hold on her——— Some Sack, I ſay.

Sir

Sir *Jaſp.* Will your Honour be pleas'd to diſcharge 'em, and ſend 'em home?

Guz. Diſcharge 'em; no, I think not: what do I ſit here for? They are ſcolding Queans, and let 'em be *whipt*, or carry them to the *Ribble* and duck 'em———I'll try if I can tame you——Give me ſome Sack———Lord, how I labour!

Sir *Jaſp.* Away with 'em.

Hack. Don't tell me, I'll not be duck'd———

D. Guz. Nor I neither, I'll———

Sir *Jaſp.* You are not to anſwer any thing; 'tis his Worſhip's Orders and muſt be executed: away with 'em———

Hack. I ſay I'll——— [*They are hurried off.*

Guz. Away, away with 'em, I ſay——and ſome more Sack——What's here! Neighbour *Griſt* the Miller, and Maſter *Snuffle*———

Enter a Miller and Snuffle.

Well, and what are you Complaints?

Snuf. May it pleaſe your Worſhip, while I was gone this Morning to pour forth ſome ſpiritual Comfort unto a tender Ewe, belonging unto my own Flock; my Wife, it ſeems, being a weak Veſſel, and mov'd more abundantly by the Mightineſs of the Fleſh than the Meekneſs of the Spirit, drew this lewd Miller into the very Mouſe-Trap of Iniquity. I coming home ſomewhat before my uſual time, this Son of Darkneſs was put under a Dough-trough. I, being innocent of all, ſat me down to Breakfaſt (having firſt crav'd a Bleſſing) *Deborah* ſat her down alſo. While I was thus comforting the outward Man, the Miller under the Trough happen'd to ſneeze. The Noiſe proceeding from behind my Wife, I ſaid unto her, *Bleſs you, good Woman! bleſs you!* But he ſneezing twice or thrice more, I became ſenſible of my Error, and

and approached the Place from whence I though the Noiſe did proceed; and turning over the Dough-trough, became a Witneſs of my Wife's Sin, and my own Shame----I did then proceed to reprehend the Miller in a moſt patient manner; but he, being har-den'd in his Guilt, did anſwer my Rebukes with a ſtrong Cudgel over my weak Shoulders----yea—— he hath bruiſed me exceedingly.

Guz. Miller, thou art, I perceive, a Knave in *Grain*, and *meaſureth* not as thou wou'dſt be *meaſured* un-to, for thus *ſtriking* the *Flower* of Patience; but I will *bolt* out the Truth of this Story—therefore *Mil-ler*, be not *mealy-mouth'd*, but proceed to thy De-fence—but ſee you uſe not *chaffy* Arguments—— Give me ſome more Sack.

Mill. May it pleaſe your Worſhip, altho' I'm a Miller, I am a very honeſt Man, and that mahap you'll ſay's a wonder; but howſomdever I ſcorn to deny the Truth: Maſter *Snuffle*'s Wife and I have been very great, and for that matter—ſo has my Wife and Maſter *Snuffle*.

Guz. How! how's that?

Mill. For he threatning to go for a Warrant for me, you muſt know I went my ways to drink a Flag-gon of my Dame *Hacket*'s Ale, (and good Ale 'tis as ony's in *Preſton*.)

Guz. Ay, ſo 'tis, Miller.

Mill. And then I went home, and told our *Joan* all that had happen'd; and all of a ſudden my little Dog, that I keep to hunt the Hogs out o'the Mill, fell a barking at a Sack that ſtood up in the Chimney-Nook (*Barks like a Dog*) Whoop, quo' I, what at murrain mun thic be now? So what does me I, but opens the Sack, and who ſhould be in it but this *falſe Teacher*: So that the ſhort and the long is, an't ſhall pleaſe your Worſhip, that if I have *expounded* in his *Pulpit*--he has

has *held forth* in my *Hopper*; and there's an end on't.

Guz. The *Miller* ſpeaks well, and not like a proud Coxcomb, one of your *Corn-fed Fools*—I muſt acquit you both, for, according to Law, Exchange is no Robbery; and ſo this Caſe ſeems to be. *Miller*, go thee home, uſe thy Wife well, and ſhe'll not carry her *Griſt* to another Man's Mill. Now for thee, Maſter *Snuffle*, who art by Trade both *Taylor* and *Sadler*, a Workman for *Man* and *Beaſt*, who haſt leap'd from thy *Shop-Board* into the *Half-Tub*---and with a *Taylor's-Head* made *Sermons* without either *Head* or *Tail*; and inſtead of *preſſing* Cloth with thy *Gooſe*, haſt often, like a Gooſe, *oppreſs'd* the Truth; I ſay, keep to thy Calling, and cut thy *Coat* according to thy *Cloth*.

Snuf. But if your Worſhip would hear me-----

Guz. I won't hear—What! inſtruct Juſtice!-----

Snuf. Yea, verily, it is our way; it being our Opinion, that *Dominion* is founded on *Grace*.

Guz. I ſay, *Taylor*, don't *cloke* over a *tatter'd Suit* of *hypocritical Knavery*, with a *fair Facing* of an *outſide Profeſſion*: for let me tell you, Goodman *Taylor*, or *Sadler*, you want a Bridle; for you have more *Mouth* than *Bit*, and need no *Spur* to Wickedneſs: but let me adviſe you, you get not *Strappings* for cutting Thongs out of other Mens *Leather*, but for the future be *girt* with Prudence, accept the *Snarffle* of Admonition, and ceaſe to *ſtir up* Sedition, leſt you become a *well-pummell'd Sadler*, and ſo I'll ſing you a Song:

Sings. *Who puts a* Doublet *on a* Horſe,
Or on a Man *a* Saddle,
Or claps a Stocking *on his* Head,
Sure that Man's Brain is addle:
Then let not Men ungifted *paddle*
In Streams of Sanctuary;

Teach

Teach without Knowledge, baſely *meddle*
With what their Heads can't carry.

So get you gone home, and mend your Life. High-ho! I'll but take a Nap, and talk with you again----

[*He falls aſleep. Exit* Snuffle *and* Miller.

Sir *Jaſp.* The Wretch has made himſelf dead drunk again: What! ſhall we diſrobe him of his State and Honour, and leave him in the Place we found him?

Cler. Ay, I'm ſatisfied with Laughing, I ne'er ſaw better Sport.

Sir *Jaſp.* How monſtrous is this Fellow's Drunkenneſs! Were he ſure of Paradiſe, on the Condition of leaving it, he wou'd forfeit the Bleſſing the firſt time Opportunity put it in his power—— But come let's attend his Lordſhip, and take our leave of him. [*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Servants carry off* Guzzle.

SCENE *changes to a Field.*

Enter Dame Hacket *and* Dorcas Guzzle, *Wet and Dirty.*

D. Guz. This comes of your Warrant at your breech: an you had not been ſo quarrelſome, this had never been.

Hack. I'll Rogue him, I'll Honour him, and Juſtice him; I'll teach him to duck an honeſt Woman, to quoit me into the River like a Cat: you knew him, and be hang'd to you; I did not, not I, a Drop-Gallows.

D. Guz. No, in truth, if I had known his Rogueſhip, the Devil ſhou'd have had him, before I'd have call'd him Honour.

Hack. I'll ſouſe him.

D. Guz. I'll run an Awl in his Buttocks, the firſt time I lay my Eyes on him, a Dog-Whelp.

Hack. But how came Sir *Jaſper Manly* to concern himſelf with him?

D. Guz. I know not, but here's a Guinea one of the Servants gave me when they pull'd me out of the Water; he told me you muſt have half on't, and bid us put up the Injury, Sir *Jaſper* would make us amends.

Hack. Ay, that's ſomething indeed: yet by the by, 'tis a plaguy thing that poor Folks Bones muſt pay for rich Folks Frolicks and Whims. But come let's go warm our Inſides with a Flaggon or two of my Ale, and dry our Outſides by the Fire, where we'll ſtudy to be reveng'd—But ſee, here come Sir *Jaſper*'s Servants with that drunken Beaſt your Husband! Let us ſtep to the Hedge, and pluck a Couple of Cudgels, and try if we can wake him out of his Dream. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servants, bring in Guzzle *aſleep, and lay him down.*

Serv. 1. Throw him down, lay his Honour in the Duſt again, and there let him reſt. Softly, for fear he wakes—Go you Beaſt——Now away, that we mayn't be ſeen. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Dame Hacket *and* Dorcas Guzzle, *with each a Stick.*

Hack. Oh, you curſed Dog, are you in Querpo again?

D. Guz. Oh, you Rogue, rouze, rouze and be hang'd. [*Strikes him.*

Guz. Give me ſome Sack, Mr. *Diligence.*

Hack. A Halter for you. [*Strikes him.*

Guz. Mother *Hacket*, give me ſome Ale——Where am I, and where have I been? I am in a Dream again.

Hack.

Hack. We'll fetch you out of it. [*Strikes him.*

Guz. Wife!

D. Guz. You were a Lord, and a Juſtice, and ſent me to the Ducking-ſtool, did you? But I'll Rogue you for it.

Hack. Here, get up you Dog-Rogue.

Guz. Hold, hold, you curſed Jades! Will you murder a Man in cold Blood? Hold, I ſay!

[*They both beat him.*

D. Guz. No, no, we are the Juſtices now.

Hack. Ay, now 'tis our turn, Sirrah.

Guz. Nay, if it comes to this once, I muſt make one.

[*Takes his Strap from his Shoulders, and beats both of 'em.*

Both. Hold, hold! A Truce, a Truce!

Guz. I care not, I'll treat of Peace with Sword in hand———Is it Peace or War?

Both. Peace, Peace.

Guz. Down with your Weapons then———And lie thou there, Correction———[*They fling down their Sticks.*] Now let's ſhake hands, laugh at all that has happen'd, and drown Animoſities in a Dozen of Ale——I have a merry Hog left yet——— [*Feels in his Pocket, and pulls out a Purſe.*] Ha! a Purſe! and forty or fifty good Shillings in it! the beſt Part of my Dream's at laſt——this will make me a Man again———*Cicely*, I'll pay thy Score off firſt: Nay, prithee *Dorcas* don't thee frown—Look here———Chink, chink! Sure that which *ſtitches* up *Seams* between Kingdoms, will make the merry Cobler of *Preſton* and his Wife, Friends again.

Ad'sfoot give me thy Hand, let all Quarrels ceaſe,
" *And when we are a-bed, we'll ſign the Peace.*

FINIS.

A DIALOGUE

Sung by Mr. *Leveridge* and Mrs. *Fitzgerald*.

He. *SInce Times are ſo bad, I muſt tell thee Sweet-*
(heart,
I'm thinking to leave off my Plow and my
And to the fair City a Journey will go, (Cart:
To better my Fortune, as other Folks do:
Since ſome have from Ditches,
And courſe Leather Breeches,
Been rais'd to be Rulers, and wallow'd in
Prithee come, come from thy Wheel; (Riches.
For if Gypſies don't lye,
I ſhall be a Governour too, e'er I die.

She. *Ah*, Collin! *by all thy late doings I find,*
With ſorrow and trouble the Pride of thy Mind;
Our Sheep now at random diſorderly run,
And now Sunday's *Jacket goes ev'ry day on:*
Ah! what doſt mean?

He. *To make my Shoes clean,*
And foot it to Court to the King and the Queen,
Where ſhewing my Parts, I Preferment ſhall
(win.

She. *Fie! 'tis better for us to plow and to ſpin;*
For as to the Court when thou happen'ſt to try,
Thou'lt find nothing got there, unleſs thou
(canſt buy:
For Money the Devil, the Devil and all's to
(be found,
But no good Parts minded, without the good
(Pound.

He. *Why then I'll take Arms,*
And follow Alarms,
Hunt Honour that now-a-days plaguily charms.

She.

She. *And ſo loſe a Limb by a Shot or a Blow,*
And curſe thy ſelf after for leaving the Plow,
He. *Suppoſe I turn Gameſter?*
She. *So cheat and be hang'd:*
He. *What think'ſt of the Road then?*
She. *The Highway to be hang'd.*
He. *Nice Pimping, however, yields Profit for Life,*
I'll help ſome fine Lord to another's fine Wife.
She. *That's dangerous too,*
Amongſt the Town-Crew,
For ſome of 'em will do the ſame thing by you;
And then I to cuckold you may be drawn in:
Faith, Collin, *'tis better I ſit here and ſpin.*
He. *Will nothing prefer me? What think'ſt of the (Law?*
She. *O! while you live,* Collin, *keep out of that (Paw.*
He. *I'll cant, and I'll pray:*
She. *Ah! there's nought got that way;*
There's no one minds now what thoſe black Cat- (tel ſay.
Let all our whole Care
Be our Farming Affair, (bear.
He. *To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-Trees*

Two Voices.

Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can ſhow:
She. *So I'll to my Diſtaff,*
He. *And I'll to my Plow.*

CHORUS.

Let all our whole Care
Be our Farming Affair, (bear.
To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-Trees
Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can ſhow;
So I'll to my Diſtaff,
And I'll to my Plow.

ESTC

Plays ſold by W. Feales *at* Rowe's-Head *in St.* Clement's *Church-Yard.*

Plays in Twelves.

Abdelazer, or Moor's Revenge.
Abramule.
Adventures of five Hours.
Æſop.
Albion Queens.
All for Love.
Ambitious Stepmother.
Amourous Widow.
Anna Bullen.
Apparition, or Sham Wedding.
Artful Husband.
Baſſet Table.
Beaux Duel.
Beaux Stratagem.
Biter.
Bold Stroke for a Wife.
Buſiris.
Buſie Body.
Caius Marius.
Careleſs Husband.
Cato.
Cato of *Utica.*
Chances.
Committee.
Confederacy.
Contrivances.
Country Wife.
Earl of *Eſſex.*
Fair Penitent.
Fair Quaker of *Deal.*
Fatal Marriage.
Fate of *Capua.*
Funeral.
Hamlet.
Jane Gray.
Jane Shore.
King *Lear.*
Lancaſhire Witches.
Love makes a Man.
Oedipus.
Old Batchellor.
Oroonoko.
Orphan.
Othello.
Pilgrim.
Plain Dealer.
Provok'd Wife.
Recruiting Officer.
Rival Queens.
Rule a Wife.
She Gallant.
Squire of *Alſatia.*
Tamerlain.
Theodoſius.
Tunbridge Walks.
Twin Rivals.
Venice Preſerv'd.
Vertue Betray'd.

BIBLIOTECA BORBONICA

Occasional Poems
on the late Dutch War
....
1712

Marvell
Denham